

# THE WINCHESTER HOME JOURNAL.

W. J. SLATTER, PROPRIETOR.

WINCHESTER, TENN., MAY 6, 1858.

VOLUME II--NUMBER 18.

## THE HOME JOURNAL

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

**Winchester and Alabama Railroad.**  
—At a called meeting of the Board, McEwen and Alderman Fogg were appointed proxies for the corporation of Nashville, to attend a meeting of the stockholders of the Winchester and Alabama Railroad, to be held on the 6th inst., at Fayetteville.

What kind of sweetness were most prevalent in Noah's ark? Preserved pairs.

Mr. W. P. Bowers, President of the Memphis Typographical Union, died a few days ago at Little Rock, Ark.

The Shelbyville *Epositor* of the 1st notices the departure of Henry Cooper, Esq., from that place, to take up his residence in Memphis. Shelbyville loses a good citizen, and Memphis gains one.

The Washington *Union* of a late date, denies by authority, that President Buchanan is about to ask Congress for authority to issue thirty millions of Treasury notes, to meet the emergencies of Government during the recess of that body.

The Knoxville *Whig* learns that the issues of the Dandridge Bank are now received by the Union Bank in that place, from depositors and debtors.

### TEXT FOR YOUNG MEN.

A better subject for young men to discourse about, and to meditate upon, was never written than the following, by Swift: "No man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them." Young men do not fail in the pursuits of life because they lack ability to succeed, half as often as from a misdirection of talents. A right use of a moderate capacity will accomplish more than a wrong application of the most brilliant qualifications.—Study, therefore, yourselves. Aim to find out the actual talents you possess, and then endeavor to make the best possible use of them, and you can hardly come short of making a good figure in the world, and what is more, being one among those who live not in vain.

**A CHALLENGE.**—When Judge Thatcher, many years ago, was a member of Congress from Massachusetts, he was challenged to a duel by Mr. Blount, member from North Carolina, for words spoken in debate. The Judge, on reading the message from Blount, after adjusting his wig and revolutionary hat, said to the bearer:

"Give my respectful compliments to your master, and tell him he cannot have a definite answer to his note to-day. Let him be patient a short time, till I can write to Portland and receive an answer. I always consult my wife on matters of importance, well knowing that she is a better judge of family affairs than myself. If she takes the choice of becoming a widow or having her husband hanged for murder, I certainly will fight Mr. Blount. Tell him not to be in a hurry; it will not take more than three weeks to receive her election."

**THE BOY PREACHER.**—The St. Louis Democrat says of young Mr. Fuller, who is called the 'Boy Preacher,' whose age is but seventeen years, that he has for the last five weeks delivered in Marion county fifty-four sermons, and had been instrumental in the conversion of one hundred and forty-four persons. He has been licensed to preach only about two months, during which time he has delivered upward of fifty discourses, and two hundred and forty persons have been converted through his instrumentality. It is said that he never studies his sermons or makes any notes, and frequently does not select his text until he rises up in the pulpit to preach; and yet, it is said, no two of his sermons are alike, either in point or argument or composition. He speaks most eloquently, and uses the most chaste and beautiful language. Calls to preach at various points are daily pouring in upon him.

Written for the Winchester Home Journal.

### TO HER I LOVE.

'Tis sweet to inhale the breath of Spring,  
When fragrance rich the flowers bring;  
'Tis sweet to list the merry ring  
Of the "songsters" as they sing  
In harmony  
Their cheerful glee—  
But sweeter far than this to me,  
To know that I am lov'd by thee.

'Tis sweet to know you have a friend  
That oft a helping hand will lend,  
And ever until life's end  
Will to all your wants attend  
When misery  
Falls heavily—  
But sweeter far than this to me,  
To know that I am lov'd by thee.

Though by the world I were forgot  
And former friends may love me not,  
Happy then would be my lot  
With but this one cheering thought  
My heart to free  
From agony:  
For sweeter far than all to me  
To know that I am lov'd by thee.

CONSTANT.

WINCHESTER, MAY 4.

**DYSPEPSIA CURED BY MUSIC.**—A correspondent of the Musical World says: "About seven years ago, I suffered as severely as any one could do from indigestion. I was monthly under our own family doctor, and one of the most eminent surgeons in the town in which I live; several months again under two other medical men, besides trying almost all kinds of things that friends recommended. I scarcely dared to eat anything; and the most simple drinks would rack me with pain. One evening a friend called and asked me to go with her to a musical meeting. I told her I could not, as I was in too much pain to enjoy even such good singing. However, after much persuasion, I went, and when there, was induced to become a subscriber. Every member of the society was supposed to be a good reader of music; and as I knew nothing of it, except the names of the notes, I commenced taking lessons in singing. After that, my indigestion gradually left me, and in a short time I was quite well of it, and have been ever since. I cannot tell how it was it did me so much good, but I know it made me very hungry—what I had never been for two years before; nor did I ever in my life enjoy my food so much before I sang, as I have since."

**Sound Legal Advice.**—An old and respected member of New York tells the following incident in his personal experience:

Soon after I was admitted to the bar, I accidentally happened in the court room during the trial of some criminals. After being there a short time, a man was arraigned, charged with the commission of the crime of horse-stealing. He pleaded not guilty; and the court, finding that he had no counsel, and that he was too poor to fee one, directed me to defend him. A jury was about to be empanelled, when I stated to the court that I knew nothing of the case, and desired an interview with my client. This was not only granted me, but the court permitted me to withdraw from the room with my client, and directed me to give him the best legal advice I could.—We retired, and after the lapse of some minutes, I returned to the court room and took my seat in the bar.—The court asked me if I was ready.—I replied that I was. But where is your client said the judge. I replied: Your Honor advised me to give him the best advice I could, and on ascertaining from him that he was guilty, and that the proof was conclusive, I advised him to run and give the court a wide berth; and if he has faithfully followed my advice, he is now out of your jurisdiction. The scene that followed must have been a laughable one, and such our venerable friend asserts that it was. The Bench was almost paralysed with fear, and scarcely knew how to proceed, or what to do, while on the countenance of every member of the Bar, and every spectator present, there was a smile of glee. Such things rarely occur now-a-days, but the above is a literally true story.

"I believe," said a tall representative, "that I am one of the tallest members of the house."

"Yes," added a fellow representative, "and the *slimmest* too!"

### FIRST LOVE.

"Am I your only and first love?" asked a bright eyed girl as she reclined her classically moulded brow upon the shoulder of her lover.

"No, Leila, you are not my only, nor my first, I have loved another. Long years before I saw you I loved another—and I love that other still."

"Love that other still, and better than me! Paul, why do you tell me that?" asked she, raising her dark blue eyes and gazing steadily into those of her lover, half in astonishment, half in sorrow, while her jewelled fingers tightened convulsively upon his arm.

"You asked me, Leila, and I answered with truth and sincerity; you would not have me deceive you, would you?" "You love her still, then?"

"I love her still."

"And better than you do me?"

"No better but as well."

"And will love her still?"

"Until death, and even beyond death over her last resting place will I strew spring's earliest flowers, and bedew the sacred spot with the purest tears that love ever shed."

"Handsome than I, is she not?"

"Her eyes are black as night, and her hair in glossy blackness outvies the wing of the raven. She hasn't your eyes or your soft brown hair, yet, Oh! Leila, her eyes have been the sweetest eyes to me, that have ever looked the look of eternal love."

"Paul why do you wish to break my heart? Why have you taught me to love you so wildly and blindly, and then in the midst of my happiness tell me there is an impassable barrier between us? This night, Paul we must part forever! I would not have believed this, had another told me" and her eyes grew dim with tears.

Be not too rash, Leila hear me to the end, you love me too dearly to part with me thus! Think you could not share my heart with the one that I so dearly love?"

Never, Paul, never!

"You shall, Leila, and must! Listen for a moment, while I tell you of my first love, and I am sure you will be willing to share with her then."

I will listen, Paul, but will not share your love; I must have all or none; I am selfish in that respect, and who that loves as I do is not? Forget me Paul, or forget her forever!"

"Forget her, Leila! Never! I would not lose one jot of her pure affection for the fairest face that ever bloomed; no not for the love of a second Helen!"

"Then, Paul, you are lost to me forever; we must part. Farewell to our every dream of a bright future. I love you too well, and am too proud to share your love with aught created.—O, Paul you have wronged me deeply," and her exquisitely chiselled lips curled with indignant sorrow.

Stop, Leila, or you will deeply wrong me, also. I met this loved one, as I said before, long years ago, in one of the sweetest and sunniest vales of our broad Illinois; wandered with her hand in hand, for years, beside the sparkling waters of my childhood's home. First by her smile of exquisite sweetness, she taught my heart that she loved me with unutterable fondness; and never have I doubted; my trust in her has ever been steadfast and fearless; never has her eye looked coldly upon me, and never will it, till the death angel shall dim them for the long sleep. Oft in the still hours of night have I been awakened, as if by the sleep-god's wing, and beheld that face, those eyes gazing upon me with all the beautiful tenderness of a guardian angel over a repenting prodigal; and a kiss would fall upon my brow more soothing than the dews of Hermon. The same gentle hand has led me along life's flowery way, and beside its unruined waters; and if ever my arm was raised to do a deed of wrong, or my heart steeled to conceive it, that gentle administry came whispering in my ear, and stayed the one midway and drew me from the other. And I do well remember in my manhood's riper years, when deep sorrow fell upon my soul and I would fain have drunk oblivion from the wine cup's fiery brim, that same dark-eyed

woman came, and bid me in the name of God to shun the fatal snare, and, twining her arms around my neck, while her eyes beamed with love's deep inspiration, she poured oil upon the troubled waters; told me of purer hopes and higher aims, and in my ear whispered a golden word that has out-lived all sorrow.

"Leila, would you know the name of my first love? 'Tis my Mother."

"O! Paul, I'll forgive you, and will share your love; indeed I will."

"I knew you would, Leila. Second love is as dear as the first."

The spirit of Daniel Webster was called up lately in a spiritual circle in Northampton, Massachusetts. He confessed he had made many mistakes in his social and political life while on earth, and in his dictionary.

### He Never has Deceived Me Yet.

He never has deceived me yet,  
I've always found him true;  
When he proves otherwise, I'll heed  
The story told by you.  
For good intention, doubting not,  
I thank you from my heart;  
But till I find my lover false,  
I'll never from him part.

Would sweet hearts give less heed to news  
Which second hand they gain,  
They would not have so oft to sigh,  
Or think they love in vain.

Seeing's believing, and till I  
See him I love do wrong,  
I give suspicion to the winds—  
What think you of my song.

### MORAL COURAGE.

Sidney Smith, in his work on moral philosophy, speaks in this wise of what men lose for want of a little moral courage or independence of the mind:

"A great deal of talent is lost in the world for the want of moral courage. Every day sends to the grave a number of obscure men who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would, in all probability, have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering, and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating tasks and adjusting nice chances; it did very well before the flood, when a man could consult his friends upon an intended publication for one hundred and fifty years, and then live to see its success afterward, but at present a man waits and doubts and hesitates, and consults his brother and his uncle, and particular friends, till, one fine day, he finds that he is sixty years old; and then he has lost so much time in consulting his first cousin and particular friends, that he has no more time to follow their advice."

### OH! SING AGAIN.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Oh! sing again that melting strain,  
That love delights to hear;  
For still my heart those sounds retain,  
Which are to me so dear,  
And as I listen to its tones,  
To distant years I fly—  
When every hour was filled with joy,  
Ere sorrow waked a sigh.

Ah! me! ah me, the happy past,  
Can never come again;  
And though I often wish it back,  
That wish alas is vain,  
My sun is set, my hopes destroyed,  
And garlands pale and dead,  
Are wreathed around the blighted hopes  
That are forever dead.

**AGES OF OUR DISTINGUISHED STATESMEN AT THEIR DEATH.**—The following table will be interesting at this time, as showing the age of many of our distinguished statesmen at the time of their death:

	Born.	Died.	Age.
General Washington	1732	1799	67
Benjamin Franklin	1706	1790	84
John Adams	1735	1826	91
Thomas Jefferson	1743	1826	83
John Q. Adams	1767	1848	81
Andrew Jackson	1767	1845	78
Henry Clay	1778	1852	75
John C. Calhoun	1782	1850	68
Daniel Webster	1782	1852	70
Thomas H. Benton	1782	1858	76

A fellow once pretending to have seen a ghost, was asked what the apparition said to him. "How should I know!" he replied, "I am not skilled in the dead languages."

### Bank of East Tennessee.

The suit of Johnson, of Nashville, against this Bank, was not sustained in Chancery Court recently in session in this city, but no principle of law was determined by the decision of the chancellor, except that the suit was not brought against the proper parties. It was an action to recover four or five thousand dollars from the *Directors*, as that amount of the issues of the Bank, had been protested by the Bank, since its failure, when presented for payment.

We have a suit pending in the same court, for a much larger amount but our action is brought against the Trustees of the Bank, who hold the funds of the Bank, such as real estate, and are disposing of it so as to afford holders of large sums to realize something, while the poor, holding small sums are to lose all. Those wishing us to file their bills with ours, according to the terms we have heretofore published, will send them on, within the next three months. We promise them to sift the matter to the bottom, and have the mask torn off of this whole concern.

In all the history of Banking in Tennessee, there never was a Bank that went to the wall before, whose officers and managers utterly refused to make any showing of its condition.—The press of this city has exercised great forbearance towards these Trustees, believing that in due time they would make a showing that would be satisfactory to the public, and honorable to themselves. But sixteen months have passed by, and no showing is made, and it is evident none is intended. Such contempt for the public interest, and utter defiance to public opinion, we have never met with before! But, we promise the public that a showing shall now be made, and that the world shall have the good and bad, the foul and the fair, by the time we are through with the concern! —*Knoxville Whig*.

A son of the Emerald Isle, on being told that a friend of his had put his money into the stocks, replied, "Och, an its there ye are; troth an' I never had a farthin' in the stocks; but be the holy pokes, I've had me brogues there oftener than I liked, sure."

### A PRETTY BIRD SONG.

There is a little bird that sings—  
"Sweetheart!"  
I know not what his name may be,  
I only know his notes please me,  
As loud he sings—and thus sings he—  
"Sweetheart!"

I've heard him sing on soft spring days—  
"Sweetheart!"  
And when the sky was dark above,  
And wintry winds had stripped the grove,  
He still poured forth the words of love—  
"Sweetheart!"

And, like that bird, my heart too sings—  
"Sweetheart!"  
When heaven is dark, bright and blue,  
When trees are bare, or leaves are new,  
It thus sings on—and sings of you—  
"Sweetheart!"

What need of other words than these—  
"Sweetheart!"  
If I should sing a whole year long,  
My love would not be shown more strong  
Than by this short and simple song—  
"Sweetheart!"

We knew a beautiful little blue eyed girl, of some three years old, who was nestled in her mother's arm, at twilight, looking out at the stars.

"Mother," said she, "it is getting dark?"

"And what makes it dark, Carolina?" said her mother.

"Because God shuts his eyes," replied the little poet.

Daniel Webster's father made a cradle for little Dan out of a pine log, with an axe and auger, and Louis Cass was rocked by his staid mother, in a second hand sugar trough. The greatest architects for the manufacture of genius are Poverty and Republicanism.

### A Printer's Epitaph.

Here lies a form; place no insipid stone  
To mark the head, where weary it is laid,  
'Tis matter dead, its mission being done,  
To be distributed to dust again.  
The body is but the Type, at best, of man,  
Whose impress is the spirit's deathless page;  
Worn out, the type is thrown to pi again,  
The impression lives through an eternal age.

**GARTERS.**—A Correspondent of the Boston Transcript says;

We ask if it be possible that one can destroy the proportions of a well-shaped leg by gartering the stocking below the knee? Look at the statue of a Venus, and in thought draw a band or an elastic under the knee—would not the result be a deformity? But place the band above the knee, and the harmony of the lines is not destroyed—it becomes an ornament. The women at Athens and Rome, who were famed for their taste and skill in dress and knowledge of artistic beauty wore the garter above the knee. But not to occupy ourselves with them, let us see how long it has been thus worn with us. We have an authority in this matter—the Duke de St. Simon.—If he does not prove the garter to be worn above the knee before the reign of the great king, he establishes at least this fact—that the elegant and fashionable women of the time wore it thus; for, in his memoirs, alluding to a Mlle de Brenille, whose inelegant manner caused much ridicule and gossip, he says, in his language, then so popular, "she was one of those common, vulgar persons who garter below the knee."

Muggins says Job's turkey was fat, compared with an old gobbler he shot last week on the devil's Fork. That was so light it lodged in the air, and he had to get a pole to knock it down.

**EAT PLENTY OF FAT MEAT.**—In a late number of the Scalpel, in an article on 'Diet,' Dr. Dixon, in assuming the position that "the use of oil would decrease the victims of consumption nine-tenths, and that is the whole secret of the use of cold liver oil," quotes the following summary observations on this subject made by Dr. Hooker:

1. Of all the persons between the ages of fifteen and twenty-two years, more than one-fifth eat no fat meat.

2. Of persons at the age of forty-five, all, excepting less than one in fifty, habitually use fat meat.

3. Of persons who, between the ages of fifteen and twenty-two, avoid fat meat, a few acquire an appetite for it, and live to a good old age, while the greater portion die with phthisis before thirty five.

4. Of persons dying with phthisis, between the ages of twelve and forty-five, nine-tenths, at least, have never used fat meat.

Most individuals who avoid fat meat, also use little butter or oily gravies, though many compensate for this want, in part at least, by a free use of those articles, and also milk, eggs, and various saccharine substances. But they constitute an imperfect substitute for fat meat, without which, sooner or later, the body is almost sure to show the effect of deficient clarification.

The full requirements of a printing office were lately sent from Paris to Egypt, for the use of the ladies in the harem of a grand Pacha. The fair Georgians and Circassians are to set the types, do the press-work, and all. We wouldn't mind being the "devil" in that office.

A domestic newly engaged, presented to his master, one morning, a pair of boots, the leg of one of which was much longer than the other.—"How comes it that these boots are not of the same length?" "I rarely don't know, sir, but what bothers me the most, is, that the pair down stairs are in the same fix."

A little girl was one night under the starry sky intently meditating upon the glories of the heavens. At last, looking up to the sky, she said, "Father, I have been thinking if the wrong side of heaven is so beautiful, what will the right side be?"

"I meant to have told you of that hole," said an Irishman to his friend, who was walking with him in his garden and stumbled into a pit full of water. "No matter," said Pat, "I've found it."

An extraordinary religious awakening is in progress at Atlanta, Ga.